WHEN SENATOR MORGAN PLAYED WITH INDIAN BOYS

Early Life of Alabama's Senior Senator Among the Children of the Redskins—How the White Gradually Supplanted the Indian.

Difference Between the Cherokees and the Creeks as a Boy Saw Them—Foshatchfixico and the Death Arkeechee—Tecumseh.

By Dexter Marshall.

EIGHTY-TWO years ago, on June 20, the wife of a general merchant and Indian trader, named Morgan, located on the Hiawatha Indian reservation at what is now known as Athens, Tenn., gave birth to a boy baby. The child was healthy and strong and was named John Tyler Morgan, after the John Tyler who was to be made President when the boy was sixteen, and whom the elder Morgan admired as his beau ideal of a political leader.

Notwithstanding his early promise of health and strength, this boy became a physical weakling when quite young through an attack of scarlet fever, which left him partially disabled on one side and lame. He was taken by his father to Alabama when between eight and nine years old, but all the schooling he ever got was enjoyed in Tennessee, for in the newer Alabama country there were as yet no schools.

But because of his lameness, which persisted till he was almost a man, making it impossible for him to work in the fields, as most small boys, even, were obliged to in those early days, he paid more attention to his books than the general run of his fellows. When old enough, he took up the study of law, though his mother, who directed his reading as a child, was anxious that he should be a minister of the Presbyterian Church.

During the first four years he lived in Alabama, this boy had Indian children for almost his sole playmates. Since then he has filled many important roles on the stage of the national life. He was the dashing Confederate General John T. Morgan in Civil War times, and he is now United States Senator Morgan (to be reelected in a few days), with a record as Uncle Sam's most persistent orator, and who nagged the redoubtable William Nelson Cromwell almost beyond the limit of endurance during the recent session over the Panama Canal matter. But he has no pleasanter memories than those of the days he wandered in the primeval Alabama woods with Creek and Cherokee youngsters and joined in their aboriginal sports.

Sitting in the famous Marble Room, where Senators receive their callers, one afternoon near the close of the session, this man of eighty-two, veteran in the law, in war and in legislation, but vigorous still, despite his early physical weakness, told the writer the story of his early care free, out-door days. To them, doubtless, he owes the wonderful bodily endurance which has made his career possible.

"I knew some Indian boys in Tennessee at the Oldfield School, held in a log cabin, which I attended there, but they were mostly Cherokees. I don't remember how these boys stood in their studies, but I do remember that they were active in all the games the white boys played, particularly marbles, town ball and sky ball.

"I've never seen 'skyball' played since I was a boy in Tennessee. It wasn't played with a ball at all, but with a piece of wood, which, when in play, was laid with one end over a shallow hole scooped out of the ground for the purpose. The player who was 'in' struck the ball smartly on the end over the hole with a club, and the ball flew up into the sky (from which I suppose the game took its name with us), while the other players scrambled to catch it."

The Senator does not remember whether this game was supposedly of Indian origin or not. Residents of many of the larger cities will recognize the "skyball" which the Cherokee boys played with the white boys in Tennessee as resembling the game of "cat," as played by the street boys, who got it from the children of the immigrants. Learned sharps on the subject of games say this one was played by the boys of every nation of antiquity as far back as the days when Mesopotamia was one of the centers of civilization.

The Senator did not come into close enough contact with the Indian boys when the family lived in Tennessee to remember the personality of any one of them. But after removing to Alabama, where the family settled on Nancy's Creek, on the boundary line between the Creek and Cherokee reservation, he came into much closer relations with the young redskins, particularly those of the Creek tribe.

"If I hadn't played with the Creek children," the Senator explained, "I couldn't have played with anybody. It was seventy-odd years ago, you must remember; white settlers were scarce and far between, and white children were scarce.

"My father took up his land under the treaty of 1832. The country was beautiful and well wooded, and the streams were clear as crystal. They remained so until the whites got control of the land and stirred up the soil by cultivation, breaking the turf which had been undisturbed for ages.

"The Creeks, who were distinctly inferior to the Cherokees mentally, and much darker of complexion, lived in villages mostly. Their huts were built of saplings—young trees a few inches in diameter—with the bark peeled off and laid much as the white settlers laid logs, cut from larger trees, in building their houses, and with sloping roofs of cane. I remember no pointed tents—like wigwams or tepees—at all.

SENATOR MORGAN AT HIS WASHINGTON HOME.

"The Cherokees were less fond of near neighbors than the Creeks, and didn't live in villages but in scattered houses, like the whites. Their houses were of better grade than those of the Creeks. The Cherokees had rudely made settees on which they spread buffalo skins and bear skins and on which they often slept. I remember no chimneys among the Creeks; they did most of their cooking out of doors. They had iron pots to boil things in, and they baked bread in earth ovens; corn bread. Of course, for there was little wheat in Alabama then.

"When the corn had just passed the 'milk' stage they used to grate it into a sort of coarse meal, which they made into hominy. When the corn was hard, it was beaten in mortars, the women doing the work, of course. They didn't eat much corn bread when game—elk, deer and wild turkey—were plenty; they lived mostly on meat then, using practically no vegetable food at all. Panthers were plentiful enough there then too, and the Indians killed them often; don't remember that they ever ate panther meat, but I can't imagine why they shouldn't have done so, for they ate dogs and liked the meat.

"The villages of the Creeks consisted of from five to a hundred houses each; thirty houses would be a fair average. Every village had its chief. Sometimes the chiefs were hereditary, sometimes they were chosen by the villagers.

"The chief's power was absolute till he conducted himself as a chief shouldn't—till he showed a lack of bravery or some fatal defect in character—then he was promptly deposed. He had to be a strong man, with nerve enough to stand up for the rights of his people against the whites, in order to maintain his chieftainship. He had also to settle disputes between individual dwellers in his village.

"Each little hut in a Creek village had its own little piece of land, which was worked by the women. They planted corn, pumpkins, watermelons, sweet potatoes, and whatever other vegetables they could get the seed of from the whites. They dug up the ground with iron hoes made by the Indians themselves from the native ores, treated in little smelting arrangements of their own devising. I don't remember what these affairs were called in the Creek language, but the whites called them 'bloomers.' They used to get a pretty good degree of heat in the 'bloomers,' the blast being produced by a leather bag made on the same principle as the white man's bellows, though of quite different construction. They had the art of tanning very well in hand, and their leather was soft, flexible and durable.

Ladiga and Polecat Town.

"There were two Creek villages near us, Ladiga and Polecat Town. I don't remember the Indian name for the latter, but it was called after the chief, whose Indian name meant 'The Polecat.' The whites never used it in speaking of him, for it was not easy to pronounce.

"He was a sour sort of chap and his Indians were inferior to those of Ladiga. The people of the two villages didn't mix much. It was generally understood that the Polecat Indians were not of original Creek stock, but of a different tribe altogether, which had been absorbed by the Creeks when they conquered the country on their great march from the West.

"The Creeks, you know, came originally from what is now known as Arizona, and were probably of Toltec origin. From Arizona they moved eastward, crossing the Mississippi and then advancing to the Atlantic coast, which they reached at a point somewhere between Charleston and Savannah. They conquered every tribe they found in the territory over which they marched, but they treated the vanquished in such a way that the latter were glad to become subject tribes, much as the nations conquered by old Rome came willingly under the domination of the empire after being conquered.

"The Creeks had no one great chief, like an emperor, ruling over them all, but somehow they managed the people they overcame with consummate skill, contriving not only to make them subservient, but so to amalgamate them with the conquerers that they practically became Creeks, spoke the Creek tongue and lived much like the Creeks. If the Polecat Indians really were descended from one of these conquered tribes, they had been so completely conquered that the very name of their tribe had been forgotten.

"From the coast the conquering Creeks doubled on their eastward track and had advanced a long distance on their westward way when the whites settled in their country. Eventually they were sent to the Indian Territory, much further west than their chosen land, but still a long way east of Arizona. They gave their own names to the rivers, mountains, valleys and streams as they passed eastward and returned westward, and in many cases these names persist to this day, though the domination of the Creeks has passed away forever.

"The Cherokees lived much better than the Creeks, and more like the white people. I don't remember that the Creeks ever kept any domestic animals except ponies, but the Cherokees composed a farming community very similar to the farming communities of the whites. They kept cattle, hogs and poultry. They had bigger horses than the ponies owned by the Creeks.

"Very likely the Cherokees' horses were descended from the horses brought to this continent by the Spaniards, but I should doubt that the Creeks' ponies were. I am not at all sure that the Creeks' ponies were not indigenous; of aboriginal horse stock. You know that the frames of many prehistoric and necessarily aboriginal horses have been found in the far Northwest—in Oregon—and that these frames showed that the aboriginal American horse was smaller than the European horses introduced by the Spaniards. The Creeks were more warlike than the Cherokees."

Bringing Up Indian Children.

From all this it will be seen that the Alabama Indians, particularly the Cherokees, were fairly along on the road to civilization, for redskins, seventy-odd years ago, and all the records bear testimony to Senator Morgan's memory upon this point. Speaking of the way the Indian children were reared, the Senator said:

"They didn't have much bringing up that I knew of, but they were wonderfully well taught in wood lore—in all things pertaining to the forest and to game, and they were weatherwise. I suppose they knew these things by inheritance, or instinctively, to some extent, though, of course, they were told many things by their parents.

"It would be impossible for a boy to associate constantly with his father who was weatherwise and thoroughly familiar with the habits and peculiarities of wild animals without 'picking up,' little by little, whatever the father knew. And there must have been some definite instruction of boys by their father, only I didn't know about it. The girls were trained by their mothers to do the work, the planting and harvesting, the cooking and to make the simple garments they needed. The Creek boys weren't taught to work at all, work was for women; the men had to save their strength to fight their foes—wild animals, strange Indians and white men—and to follow the hunt and provide the meat.

"The children didn't wear anything at all in the warm summer-time. There was no false modesty among them. Nor was there any immodesty whatever. Boys and girls played together, raced together, swam together, fished together, were together constantly, but in supreme unconsciousness that there was any use for clothing, except to keep the body warm. In the cold weather the boys and girls dressed about alike, wearing hunting shirts—loose blouses—trousers and moccasins.

"They all learned early to swim—every young Indian I knew could swim, maybe the knowledge was born in them—to shoot, to hunt all sorts of wild game and to track every four-footed beast of the woods.

"The Indian men had guns and used to shoot with powder and ball, but the small boys had only bows and arrows. Their bows were made of hickory, or honey locust—the latter were best—and the bowstrings of deer sinews, twisted, which made the toughest kind of cords. The arrows were made of cane, the tips being hardened and sharpened by fire. I remember no metal or flint arrowheads, but a carefully and skilfully roasted cane arrow-point would kill a fish in the water, a squirrel in a tree or a bird in the air.

Shooting, Canoeing, Riding.

"All the Indian children that I knew well were expert canoeists. There were no bark canoes in Alabama in my day. They were all dugouts, made, preferably, out of poplar logs. I can't say that they were graceful craft—I don't remember as to that—but I do remember that they traveled well, and that they had high ends—prow and stern—to make them cut the water right.

"They did much of their fishing from their canoes, and I often went after fish with them. They knew nothing about angling—I never saw a fish-hook among them—but they speared and shot the fish. The men used to spear fish at night and take the boys with them. The spearsman would sit in front of the paddler and a lighted torch would be held high in the air. The fish would keep quite still when they saw the torch, and by its light could be plainly seen.

"I said that I knew of no specific instruction being given to the Indian boys, but that was a mistake; the boys, when taken out spearing fish at night, would be made spearsmen, and patiently taught how and when to strike, and all the other things they ought to know in order to become experts. All the young Indians seemed to be hunters naturally, and as shrewd as foxes, but they undoubtedly received detailed instruction from the grown men.

"The Indian boys were fond of horseback riding and very fond of their ponies. They rode well and hard. I don't remember that they ever rode races, though they used to run foot races. I don't remember ever seeing them box or wrestle for a fall, though they used to scuffle together a good deal for fun.

"A favorite way of amusing themselves on horseback was to ride at full speed past something—like a tree—and shoot at some object, like a knot on the tree. They did this with great success. The little dappled ponies ridden by the Creeks were trim and neat, like deer. The Creeks rode bareback or on a skin with a surcingle arrangement.

"They never used a bridle, just a headstall, with one strap in place of reins. They guided their ponies simply by pressure on the neck. I never saw an Indian on a saddle, and I never saw or heard of any Indian trick riding—no standing on the horse's back, or anything like that. They rode low, bending close to the pony's neck. The ponies were never fed with grain—in fact, the white men's farm horses had very little grain, but lived on grass wholly.

"There was plenty of grass there then. Practically the entire country was wooded, but the woods were open, the trees growing in clumps, with lots of room between them for the grass. It grew like prairie grass and had a 'blue' stem, though it wasn't 'blue grass' or at all like it. It was very nutritious, and it kept the white men's horses and cattle in good condition, as well as the Indian ponies. To-day there isn't a spear of that kind of grass in all that country."

Arkeechee, the Son of Foshatchfixico.

Arkeechee, a Creek Indian boy, was one of young Morgan's closest playfellows. His father was Foshatchfixico, chief in the village of Talladega, where General Jackson fought his first battle with the Indians. In a speech before the Senate Mr. Morgan once told of Arkeechee's tragic death. I asked him to repeat the story.

"The name Foshatchfixico," said the Senator, "means White Bird Without a Heart. Arkeechee was a fine little boy. One day he went out gathering blackberries. A rattlesnake bit him and he died, and his father's grief was deep and bitter.

"A young minister, William Holman by name, who meant well, but didn't know that it would be better not to disturb Foshatchfixico in his hour of bereavement, called upon the stricken chief to offer consolation. The chief was sour and surly, and made no responses to Mr. Holman's advances along religious lines. Finally, in desperation, the clergyman asked the Indian:

"'How do you feel in your heart? Do you understand that God took your son away for some good purpose?'

"Foshatchfixico grunted out something to indicate that he didn't feel much about it.

"'Well,' persisted the preacher, 'you're sorry aren't you?'

"'Sorry? No!' was the reply. 'Me damned mad! Me no sorry!' and the minister had to give over his attempt at consolation.

"Foshatchfixico's home," continued the Senator, "was worth seeing. He lived on a little patch of ground on a beautiful stream which rose in a spring not very far away, and was as clear as all the streams were then in Alabama.

"Did the Indian children laugh, when at play? Well, yes—you might call it laughing, but I never heard a 'haw! haw!' from any Indian, child or grown-up.

"Their idea of something amusing wasn't like the white man's. The ludicrous or grotesque, not the humorous, was the cause of their laughter. Situations of extreme awkwardness appealed to them. As I understand it, their language contains no words by which they might express humorous ideas. It was not easily comprehended even if you had knowledge of a wide vocabulary. Their speech was full of intonations which were often only half understood or not understood at all by the whites.

"They used many notes, expressive of anger, joy, fear, hate and other emotions which their white neighbors could catch but imperfectly. They expressed joy by a sort of loud screaming, for instance.

"They used the sign language freely, expressively, impressively and gracefully. A stranger not knowing a word of their spoken language would understand every sign.

"While we children played together with the utmost comradeship and the complete approval of our elders, the grown-up whites and Indians didn't mix much. The truth is that they were mutually afraid. Every one knows how the white pioneers, everywhere, feared the Indians. We children knew that the Indians had equal fear of the whites.

"In Alabama, in the '20's, few of the whites tried to Christianize or educate the Indians; only to get them away and to take possession of their lands, but the white and Indians boys were 'all hunky' and friendly together.

"As I remember them, the Indians were disposed to be religious. They worshiped God as they understood him, always, never the devil or the evil one, as some savages do. They worshiped honor as they understood it. They were moral. They never stole, though they were great robbers. That is, they never took things not belonging to them in times of peace, but when they got into a village with whose inhabitants they were at odds, they would take everything in sight, and what they couldn't take away they would destroy.

"Those who broke any of the rules of the Indian code of morality were punished without fear or favor, and, if sentenced to punishment, and sentence was deferred, would always appear exactly when expected for the execution of the sentence, even if it were death. Unchastity was almost unknown; there was no double standard, as among the whites, and offenders were vigorously punished. The women were good wives from the Indian point of view—patient, industrious and never bickering. They were anything but shrews or scolds.

Sending the Indians Away.

"The whites came in rapidly in the thirties, not so rapidly as they have gone into Oklahoma and other reservations in later years, but with astonishing speed, considering all the circumstances.

"There were no railroads there then, and some of the settlers reached Alabama in all sorts of primitive ways. A few came in wagons, more on horseback, and still more on foot, and they all wanted the land which the Indians held.

"We boys used to hear and talk a good deal about Tecumseh, the great Indian chief, who was at the bottom of the Indians' enmity toward the white people, and who undoubtedly put the Creeks into the war which Jackson had to suppress.

"Tecumseh went to Tallassee, on the Tallpoosa. He had learned, undoubtedly from the English, that an eclipse of the sun would take place on a certain date. He told the Creeks that the Great Spirit wished them to war with the whites, and would tell them to begin by darkening the sun. If the sun were not darkened on the day predicted, that would prove that Tecumseh had not spoken the truth. As the eclipse arrived on schedule time, the Creeks declared war as Tecumseh desired.

"It was in some degree the fear on the part of the whites when I was a boy that the Creeks would make trouble again, but more the desire of the whites to get the Indians' lands, which led to their removal to Indian Territory in the middle thirties.

"I assure you they did not go with pleasure. They made no resistance, however, for they knew it would be useless. Any holding back would have been enforced at the point of the bayonet or with the bullet. The Indian knew this, for armed troops were there in force.

"So one day the migration was begun, the government providing horses, wagons and drivers for the conveyance of the women and children, while the men rode on their own ponies. To the white and Indian boys who had played together and between whom childish friendships had sprung up, those were pretty melancholy days. I do not remember that there was any trouble whatever; the authorities were wisely patient and considerate, hurrying no one unduly, and it took them about a year to get rid of the people whose forefathers for ages had made Alabama their home.

"At the end of that time, however, they had all been taken away; not one was left to dispute possession of the soil with the white men."

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A GROUP OF CREEK INDIANS.
(From a Photograph in Possession of the Bureau of Ethnology.)

EZRA GREEN AT OYSTER BAY.

Plainsville Citizen Hoped to Persuade the President to Accept a Third Term.

I'm taking my pen in hand to tell you about my trip to Oyster Bay to see Mister Roosevelt and find out fer myself the true innards ov his determinashun to quit his hi and exalted job at the expirashun ov his present contrack.

You see, I felt sort ov aquainted with Mister Roosvelt. When his trane stopped at Plainsville I shook hands with him, and he sez, sez he: "I hope I may have the plashure ov sein you agen some day."

I talked a god deel, I guess, about what the President sed to me, for I did feel kind ov proud ov it, and the boys they sort ov got to kiddin me about it, but I dident mind 'em, leastwise not much.

So, when I laid out to go to N. York to see what had becom ov the dividens the feller sed would be a-comin to me on them minin stocks, Hank Wheaton up and sez: "I say, Ezra, why don't ye go on down to Oyster Bay and call on your friend, Mister Roosevelt?"

Ov course, Hank was only funnin, but the idee sort ov stuck in my mind. I dident make no doubt but that the President would be reel glad to see me agen, and I kind ov thot that if I could go there and have a soshable sort ov talk with him, the boys to home mite deside they'd been barkin up the rong tree after all. I mean when they was joshin me and talkin about my frend, the President.

And then, besides, folks out our way think Mister Roosevelt is pritty neer the goods, and sense that time his trane stopped at Plainsville I'd bin hopin he'd keep rite on bein President fer awhile.

I nowed, of course, that when he first moved into the White House he was sort ov skittish and enclined to shi at things when there wasent nothin there to shi at, and other times he'd gone prancin rite ahed when, if he'd bin older and a leetle more used to the harness, he'd ov "stopped, and looked, and lissened." But when a man means well folks kin squint their eyes and pertend not to see a good meny funny things he doz on the side.

Besides, Mister Roosevelt's bin progressin. He's larned not to skeer at the cars (that's a joke ov mine, meenin the railroads), and he's done some other things what's turned out all rite that he mitent ov takled if he'd been reel safe and sane and consarvitive.

I'd red in the papers about how Mister Roosevelt had sed he woodent let 'em nomanate him agen fer President, but way down inside I had a sort ov sneekin notion that if I could go to him reel frendly like and say: "Mister President, it's you the plane people want, and they ain't a-goin' to take no substitute labeled just as good," why, mabe he'd take it kindly ov me and mite reconsider his iron-bound and copper-rivuted determinashun that he'd had plenty and to spare ov bein' President.

I remmbered how that feller over in Rusha they call the Czar would ishue a proklamashun one day, in which he'd say somethin' was "our unalterable will" and next day he'd go square back on everything he'd sed and his will would be jist as "unalterable" on the new thing, and I dident no but mabe Mister Roosevelt was constututed somethin' like that Czar feller. Ov course, I no now I mite as well ov tried to snap a oak with my fingers or push a mountin over, but us folks in rooral places like Plainsville don't often git a chanst to size up grateness at close range and observe the workins ov minds in whose keepin' are the destinies ov mankind.

But I'm gittin' further away from what I set out to rite about that a bashful bo gits from his girl when her ma's in the parlor on Sunday nite. It's about my trip to Oyster Bay I'm a-goin' to tell you.

I sent Mister Roosevelt a letter the day before I started, tellin' him I was a-comin'. Now I ain't no fool, and I dident expect Mister Roosevelt would be at the stashun himself to meet me with a brass band. But I did think mabe he'd send one ov his hired men down with the keeridge. I red that was the way he done when visitors was expected.

I'll own up I was a mite disappointed when no one was there what seemed to be lookin' speshally for me, but after I thot it over I desided mabe there'd bin some leetle misunderstandin' about the trane I was expected on.

I asked a feller what seemed to be lofin around the stashun—a reel nise lookin feller in clothes what must ov cost a pritty penny—the way to Sagmore Hill, where Mister Roosevelt lives when he's to home. He had bin lookin at me kind ov queer like and pritty soon I begin to git suspishus that he mite be one ov them pickpokets or bunko men. But after he'd asked a lot ov questions about my bizness with the President and I'd told him how Mister Roosevelt had sed he hoped he mite have the plashure ov seein me agen some day, he was reel nise and frendly and sed if I'd jist go with him to see Secretary Lobe he thot it could be arranged. I herd afterward as how he was one ov them detectives what gards the President and keeps away anarkists and other cranks.

Mister Lobe was to lunch when we got there, but a young feller in his office sed I mite wate. I was hungry myself, so I went to the grocery store down-stairs and got some bolona and crackers and I was eating 'em when Mister Lobe comes in.

Mister Lobe must be pretty smart or he woodent have the job he's got, but there's several things he could larn from Mister Roosevelt if he'd try rite hard. He mite larn to shake hands with a leetle more enthoosiasm and to make his smile jist a leti mor cheerin. And so far as I kin rekolect, he didn't say nothin' about hopin' he'd have the plashure ov sepin me agen some day.

I told him who I was and why I had come to Oyster Bay, and I come down good and strong on what Mister Roosevelt had sed about hopin' he'd have the plashure ov seein me agen some day.

Mister Lobe dident turn pail, and so fur as I could se he dident have no difficulty in breethin. And I don't mind tellin you that I couldn't distinguish no rise in in the temperchure ov his cordiality.

"The President is a-tryin to git some much neded rest, Mr. Green," sez he, "and kin be disturbed only fer the most important bizness."

Then I told him my bizness. I sez, sez I, am anxious to asertane why Mister Roosevelt has denied the toilin masses the plashure of voin fer him two years from now and to kep rite on voin fer him until they are tirde, sez I, and I want to plede with him with teers in my eyes to reconsider his iron-bound and copper-rivuted determinashun that he had plenty and to spare ov bein President.

"Did you ever heer," sez Mister Lobe, with somethin that loked almost like a smile, "ov the buket that made too meny trips to the sistern?"

Mabe them is not the axact words ov Mister Lobe, but I gethered he feered Mister Roosevelt mite fall in or git a life sentance if he made another trip.

"The dicishun ov the President not to except another nominashun," sez Mister Lobe, "is finale and irrivokible, and all sich talks greves and frets him and makes him shed teers of bitter remorce that he ever give sich a plege to a ungrateful and unapreshative people. I could not concent that you should se him and by your pleedings make his remorce all the more bitter."

"But," sez I, "Mister Roosevelt sed he hoped he'd have the plashure ov seein me agen some day."

"Yes, I no, I no," sez Mr. Lobe, in a voice ment to be soothin. "The President sees a good many people, and its always a plashure, but he's restin now."

It doz sem to me a shame, tho, that after Mister Roosevelt sed he hoepd he'd have the plashure ov seein me agen some day, Mister Lobe should deny him that plashure.

But I ain't a-criticisin Mister Lobe, mind you. I woodent think ov criticisin a man in his posishun, and I don't want you to take it that away.

Yr Obdt Servt,
EZRA GREEN.

Miserable Wages of Women Teachers.

In comparing the pay of Maine teachers with the wages of cotton-mill operatives in the State, the committee found that the balance in favor of the former was very slight. For instance, the 6,630 women working in the cotton mills of Maine get an average weekly wage of $6.99, while the women school teachers get an average weekly wage of $6.90. The men in the cotton mills of Maine get an average weekly wage of $8.01, while the men teachers get $9.18. Since it costs a person much more to become properly equipped for the teaching profession than it does to become an efficient millworker, to say nothing of the higher expense of daily living for the former, the additional wage received by the teachers, according to this report, is far less than it should be.

We have no reason to suppose that teachers in Maine are worse off with respect to pay than they are in most other States of the Union.—Leslie's Weekly.

HISTORIC TREES IN THE OLD DOMINION

Written by the Late Wm. Pope Dabney

Scattered over the Old Dominion there are several trees which mark still the spots upon which occurred events, the effect of which have perhaps turned the current of our country's history, or which commemorate such events long gone by. It is our purpose to note a few of these. There is an oak standing alone so long that its branches form a perfectly round cylinder on the side of the old turnpike leading from Orange Courthouse to Fredericksburg, and on the verge of the celebrated "Wilderness."

It is so near that its branches and leaves shuddered and trembled by the roar of artillery and the rattle and noise of the musketry of the battles fought in that vicinity at two separate campaigns.

If an interview had not taken place under the shade of that oak in the year 1787 it is more than probable that the Constitution of the United States would not have been ratified. The terms of the constitution required that the assent of nine of the thirteen States should be necessary for its adoption. After a severe contest eight States had ratified its context. Sentiment was so nearly equally divided that the adoption in the New York Convention was carried by only three majority. New Hampshire, the ninth State, whose action when the convention met would have settled the question, adjourned without action to a distant day to see what would be the action of the convention of Virginia, then the most influential of all the States and the largest in territory, wealth and population. At the election of delegates to the convention Patrick Henry in the zenith of his popularity opposed the adoption—by an estimate of the popular vote it was decidedly against the adoption.

By the arbitrary basis of representation, in which the smallest county was equally represented with the largest, especially when the small Eastern counties where the intelligence, wealth and influence were still in the possession of those English born landholders and their sons, whose lands had not parted from them by the abolition of entails, favored a strong government and the large and populous counties were opposed to it, the small majority of eight was secured to it, after Governor Edmund Randolph, then the Governor who had retired from the convention that formed the constitution and was much opposed to it, changed his position, it is said, by the influence of General Washington and induced enough members to change with him so that it was carried by only eighty votes.

This change took place while New Hampshire's convention was temporarily adjourned, and as soon as it was known what the pivotal State would do, while the convention was discussing the amendment, the New Hampshire convention assembled again and ratified the Constitution, and although in order of time she was the ninth State, yet Virginia really settled the whole question. But the departure of Randolph was not in itself sufficient to produce the result, as the Constitution was opposed in the convention by Henry, Grayson and the most trusted leaders of the people. To oppose them it was necessary to have against them the intellect and the influence of Madison. He was in point of fact the author of the Constitution in the convention that formed it. His peculiar talent empowered those who desired a government as strong as a limited monarchy, with those who who believed in the full capacity of the people to govern themselves, and the supreme right of the States with the sectional difficulties of the Northern and Southern States and large States and small States. He brought all these discordant elements to agree upon the United States Constitution, a series of compromises, which he, with Hamilton, so lucidly and ably vindicated in the Federalist, which was all over the country the campaign document of the canvass. It was absolutely necessary that he should be in the convention. Without him it doubtless would not have been adopted. An event which took place under "Madison's Oak," as it is still called, decided his election.

At first he considered his election as certain, although he and his colleague, Gordon, were opposed by Barbour, afterwards Governor, Senator and foreign ambassador, and Moore, a relation of Mr. Madison's. He was told, however, that unless he secured the vote of the lower end of Orange county he would be overwhelmingly defeated. The lower end of Orange was then thickly settled by small land holders, who were led by their preacher, known as Parson Leland.

Mr. Madison knew that if Leland was opposed to him he would lose his election, and he determined to have an interview with him forthwith. He left home after an early breakfast on horseback and at 12 o'clock he met Leland on horseback coming up the road.

Leland was a strong-minded but uneducated man, religious almost to the point of fanaticism—of strong will—of courage physically and morally. A six-foot soldier under Washington and Lafayette, and he had served the seven years of the Revolution and had a record of the English surrender at Yorktown. He had been imprisoned in Culpeper jail for preaching the gospel by the friends of the Established Church, which, before the Revolution, ruled the State.

He promptly told Mr. Madison that he would never submit to a strong government again—that he had felt the oppression in the endeavor to deprive him of his rights of conscience and religion—that he had risked his life for seven years to get from under the rule and never intended to endanger it again. Mr. Madison, who had been known as opposed to the persecution of the Dissenters, with that mild, clear, insinuating and convincing eloquence, took up and replied to his objections one by one. They tired sitting on horseback, they tied them to the swinging branches of the oak—they talked standing—they then laid upon the grass in the shade and when the sun had set behind the blue line of the South West Mountain, Leland arose to his feet and said, "Mr. Madison, I will vote for you." Said Madison, "You will?" Leland and his friends came up and voted solidly for Madison, and he was therefore in the convention, where he did more for its adoption than all the eloquence of Henry, the logic of Grayson, the power of Mason, backed by what was known to be the sentiment of the majority of Virginia people, could do against it.

Another remarkable tree is Pope's Pine, in the center of Powhatan county. It is certainly upwards of 150 years old. Directly after the Revolution, Colonel Pope, a soldier in the Revolution, settled near it and trimmed it up for a liberty pole, as it was then the custom on the Fourth of July to erect near the house a pole surmounted with the cap of liberty, which was on the reverse of the copper cents of that day.